



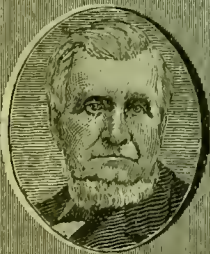
HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

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Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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WATCHES AND JEWELRY

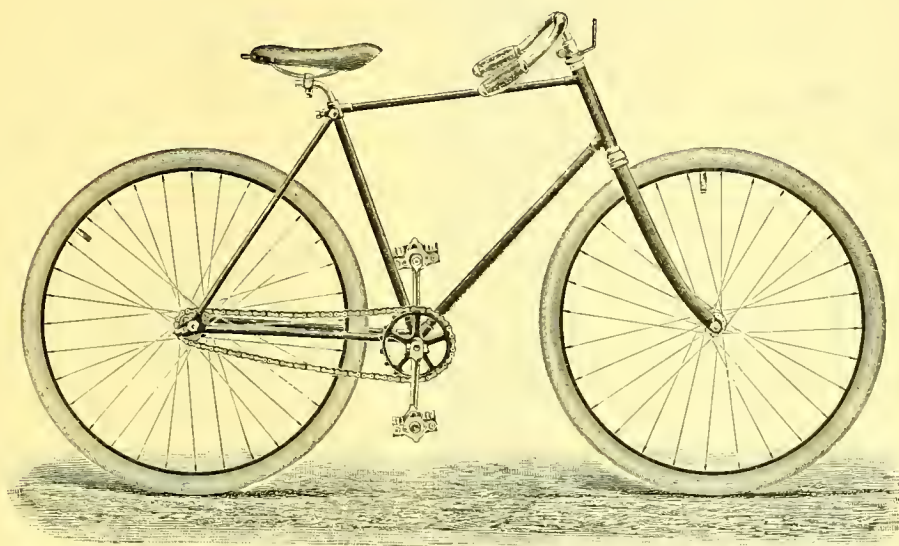
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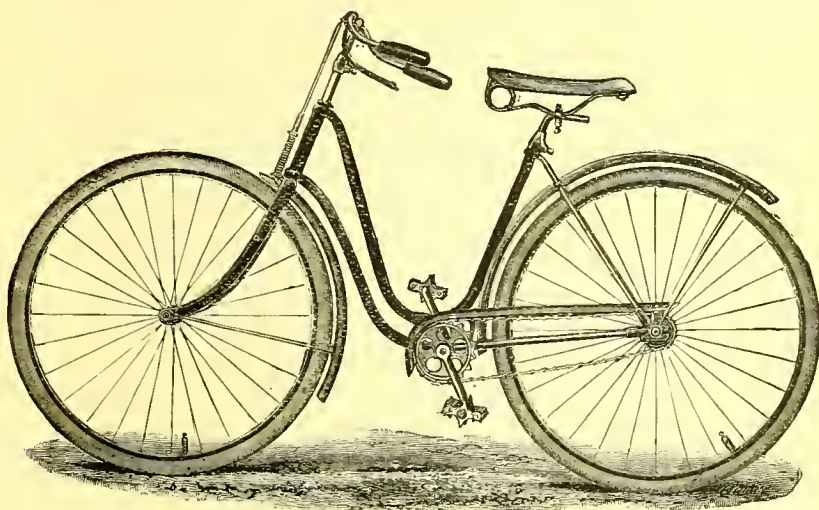


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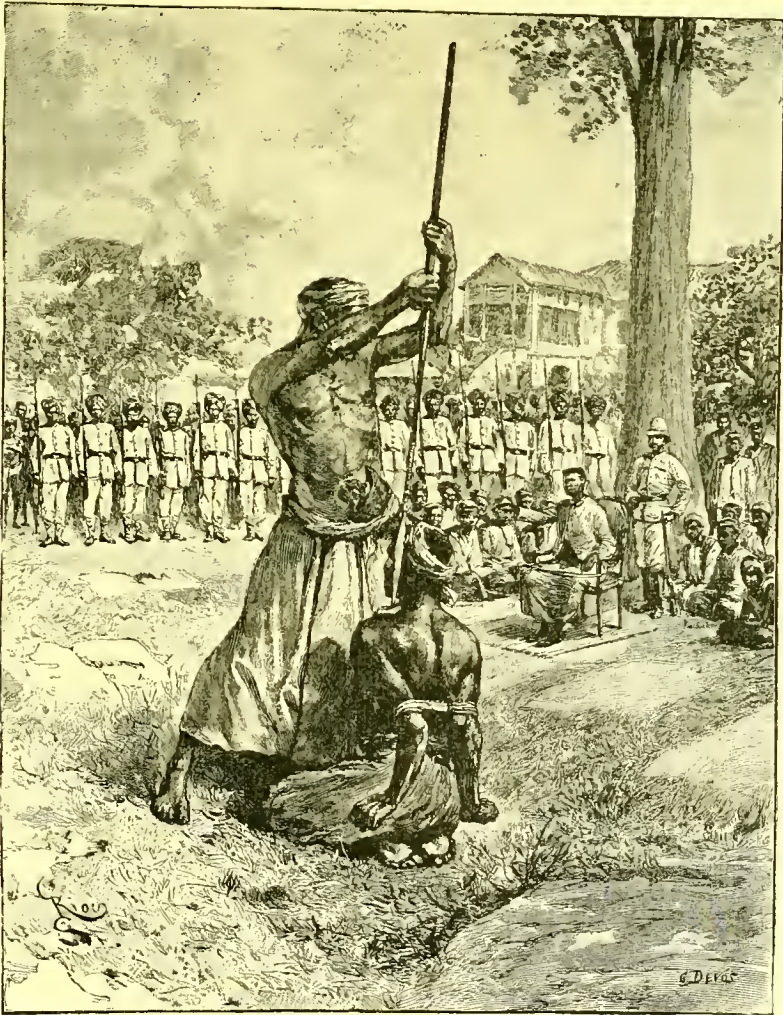
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MODE OF EXECUTION.

A BARBAROUS EXECUTION.

THE illustration represents one of the many forms of execution practiced among the savages of Africa—driving a spear down through the shoulder of the condemned man until it strikes a vital part, and death ensues as an end to the sufferings of the poor wretch. This mode of killing is quite humane compared with that in vogue among some of the native tribes of the "dark continent," where torture of the most dreadful kind, and mutilation of the body in the most shocking manner, are the popular treatment for criminals. It is described by those who have witnessed it as swift and sure in its operation; and this we may well believe after a glance at the murderous-looking spear head whose point rests upon the victim's shoulder, and at the powerful negro whose arms are uplifted to deliver the fatal thrust. That the ruder and more cruel methods of execution have been by the people pictured in the engraving abandoned in favor of the plan described, is no doubt due in some degree to contact with Europeans, who, whatever their faults and their cruelty toward the savages whom they conquer and exact tribute from, are nevertheless averse to native barbarity when manifested toward one another. The military display of native troops in the scene before us, as well as the presence of a foreign officer, all indicate that influences of a so-called civilizing character have made themselves felt. So, instead of flaying the victim alive or slowly roasting him to death, as is at times customary with the wild races of mankind, or shooting him into shreds before the mouth of a cannon, as enlightened Europeans are accused of having done at one time as an example to all future rebels, the native magis-

trate has tempered his idea of justice with enough of mercy to warrant the condemned a speedy release from his suffering.

The methods of doing away with persons guilty of grave crimes and deemed worthy of death are almost countless in their variety. They run the whole range of human and even fiendish ingenuity, from the latest application of scientific force, as illustrated in the deadly electrical chair now used for condemned murderers in New York State, to the simple but horrible practice of burying alive. The subject is a gruesome one in any aspect, and can have little interest for any proper-minded reader of the INSTRUCTOR. We think the less said about it, therefore, the better for the feelings and imaginations of our little friends. As they grow older and read more carefully the day's doings as told in the newspapers, they will be apt to hear and learn more about the offenses leading to capital punishment, and the manner of administering it; and for our own part we are quite willing to have that part of their education postponed as long as possible. *A. G. C.*

ONE great trouble in doing a mean action is that you are compelled to associate with yourself afterward. If you could only have nothing to do with a man who was guilty of such meanness, it would be a relief.

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to gain content in your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

GETTING money is not all of a man's business; to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.

DISCONTENT.

THE long and weary winter was fast giving way to the first warm rays of the spring sun, as they came to warm mother earth of returning life. All nature seemed to be in harmony.

Instead of feeling animated with the new life that spring had brought, I felt discontented and not inclined to work, and was wondering if all were as unhappy and dissatisfied with their surroundings as myself.

"Got the spring fever?" said a sweet voice.

This partially roused me from my moody and melancholy reverie, and before fully realizing where I was, my visitor had gone and I was all alone; when sleep soon threw her peaceful mantle over me and a messenger bade me follow her to dreamland.

It was a long and weary journey before we reached the foot of the mountain, where a high summit raised itself before us. I stopped to gaze at its rocky and rugged path as it extended far out of sight.

"Come," said my guide, "you must climb this before you are at the end of your journey, then you may rest, but not before. Remember, time is passing and every moment that you waste you cannot recall it again—eternity claims it for her own."

For the first time I paused to look at my guide, wondering what kind of a person she could be to bid me follow her up such a rough and steep summit. Her face was very sweet and pleasant to look at, but her eyes seemed to have such a reproachful look in them, as if they were chiding me for my delay. Her form was wrapped in a loose and flowing robe, exposing the feet and arms.

"Come," she said, "we must reach the summit before the sun rises, and always remember 'where there is a will there is a way.'" I began to follow my guide step by step up the steep mountain side, but soon stopped to look back. I saw what little progress I had made in so long a time, but was astonished when I turned to go on, to find my guide a great distance ahead of me. I could not turn back, and if I lingered longer I would lose her, so starting again I made another bold effort to hurry and catch her, though to overtake her would now be an impossibility. "If you do not wait for me, I shall continue no further," I said.

"You must!" she replied, and gathering her robes more closely around her, turned and facing me, waited until I was again by her side. I was just on the point of asking her if she, too, was tired, when in the most reproachful tone she said, "Little by little great things are accomplished, step by step the top of a great summit is reached. It is not those who look into the past and wish they had it to live over again, nor the person who stops to examine how much progress he has made, or how much more he has to make, but it is he who wisely improves the present. Remember it is failures that teach us success; these will be of use to you. Come, do not tarry so long, or we will not reach the summit before the king of day is ushered in."

Again I made another bold attempt to try and reach the top as my companion desired me, but how hard it was! every step grew harder and more difficult to take. The path seemed to grow more and more rough as we neared the top.

"How is it," I asked, "that it does not

tire you to climb this steep mountain? You do not seem to be weary with the journey."

"No," she replied, "I take step by step and am happy and hopeful to think that I can by perseverance gain that which I most desire. I do not waste the precious moments of life in useless repining; for I realize that every vain regret keeps me from reaching the height which I have undertaken to climb. You must either be master over life or it will be master over you. By doing little duties every time they are thrown in your way, you will find that you have overcome a large and difficult part of the journey of life. It is hard if you make it hard. Come, you have yet to learn the lesson of life, which I will teach you. If you had followed me we would have been at the top and now resting, but by making it such hard labor, it takes a large portion of your time to think how you are going to reach the top—and time is valuable; it is passing rapidly away from you; so come, let's hurry."

A sudden lifting of the shadows told me that we were nearing the top; the gloom that had surrounded us was fast disappearing, and new life and hope seemed to come. My companion looked grave and thoughtful as we neared the summit.

"Come," she said, "we will soon reach the top, and I must leave you in a very short time, but while I am gone I shall expect you to obey me."

At last, what a comfort those words seemed to bring to me as we reached the top after our long journey up the steep and rugged mountain!

"We must wait," said my guide, "the sun has not yet risen, but will not be long; better early than too late. Look yonder, he is rising."

I turned to where my companion pointed, and what did I behold? Rays of gold tinted with every shade of the rainbow. The king of day is rising over the summit, and sending his rays down the long and weary path of life, lighting it up for the travelers who are slowly coming toward the top. What a strange drama life is, and how varied! It affords a study that no human school can give; it is a practical school which brings out the character and shows the composition and material that each person is made of. There are certain circumstances which surround a person and control to some extent his attainments in life; but patience and perseverance can master and overcome all difficulties.

"Look," said my guide, "there is every kind of condition in life, health and strength, riches and poverty. These are the miseries of mankind. The king of day is in his glory, shining on every one alike, trying to cheer each weary soul, but see how he fails! Discontent is written on every brow, all blindly blaming fortune for their lot. Yes, the sun gazes on this scene every day of his reign; he rises and fills the souls of men with hope; he sets and leaves them in darkness.

"Yonder is an old man that I have steadily watched. He was born with brilliant prospects and hopes; but he has thrown away his life in useless repining, wishing for something better and nobler in life. To him was given opportunities for good, but he has overlooked them, seeking only for praise from his fellow-men. He neglected to perform the little duties of life, and therefore could not perform the larger ones. His sun will set on a disappointed life.

"It is little acts of kindness and

little duties well done that enable us to perform the large ones.

"There is a man of great wealth, who has every comfort that earth can yield for his benefit, yet he, too, is discontented. He does not try to help his fellowmen; he never thinks of his Creator, but only worships his gold and himself. How much better will the earth be for his having lived in it? I will leave you to answer that question.

"As the sun sent his first rays down the mountain side that fair-haired child was ushered into the journey of life. You are to watch his progress. You must stay here until the sun sinks in the west. I have already tarried too long with you; I must journey on, but I will call for you as the last rays of the sun disappear in the west."

Scarcely had my companion said this before I was alone. I turned to see what direction she had taken, but to my surprise I could not see her. I looked down the steep hill, to watch the weary souls, as some were making an effort to climb to the top, others indifferent as to the consequences. But I must not forget to watch the child of destiny. He is learning to take his first steps in the path of life. How weak are his efforts, until he has stumbled a great number of times and his failures have taught him to take a more sure footing before he makes another effort to walk over the rough stones, that cause him so many falls! He starts out on a well-traveled road in good earnest, and the journey of life has begun with him. Youth with life and hope flows in every vein and animates every thought and action. He scarcely realizes how rapidly he is passing over childhood and how closely he is nearing manhood. How happy are his thoughts, as he looks forward to the time when

he will be a man, and what great things are planned for the future! The sun is nearing the mid-day hour, the morning rays are no longer refreshing, as they shine on the weary pilgrims while they slowly approach the summit of life, making them weary under the burdens they have to carry.

Our pilgrim is also feeling weary and footsore by this time; his hopes are being blighted with every step, and his feet are slipping down the steep hill, but time is rapidly moving onward, never pausing for any one, never waiting for the weary. He stops to rest, and how delightful it is! "I have plenty of time, no need for me to hurry, as the sun is still telling the mid-day hour." But he is thus wasting minutes that are precious.

The sun is now fast retiring to the west. Clouds from the ocean gather and stray across the sky, and for a short time the rays of light are hidden from our pilgrim. He looks in vain for it to guide him onward, and vainly wishes that he only had his time to climb the hill again, what progress he would make in the early morning, when the rays of the sun are so refreshing. The longer you leave a duty undone the harder it is to master it. Intelligence waits for no one; you must be a swift footman to keep up with it.

Again the king of day sends his rays in majestic power down the rugged, rocky path, to give one more chance to those who are trying to reach the top. Again our wanderer is weary and rests to build his castle in the air, only to have it shattered.

The sinking sun, as he is fast surrounding himself with his golden rays, deeply interwoven with sombre grey, tells him the day of life is almost done, and he now begins to realize that he is

far from the summit which he desired to reach. He makes a fresh start, but it is too late. The precious moments wasted in idly wishing for something better had passed and could not be recalled again. Many of the climbers had given up and were resting by the way.

"Have you done as I told you?"

I turned to find that my companion was again with me.

"Your face," she said, "shows signs of disappointment; what may be the cause of this? Look, the last rays of the sun are about to sink forever in the west, and there are only two that have reached the top. The head one is an old man; his whole life has been one of sweet contentment. He is always at peace with his fellowmen, never grieving over the fleeting pleasures of life, but always hoping and trusting for the great future. He realized what a few hours life was compared to the great eternity to come. The other one kept the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'

"We must go or we will be late; twilight is throwing her mantle of grey, shrouded with purple, over the earth; soon night will come and relieve her." We both started to slowly descend. We met the fair-haired child, now an old and disappointed man.

My companion bade me stop. "You are looking sad," she said, "but I hope you have learned your lesson, never again to be forgotten. Every morning the sun rises he sees this same kind of a sight. Do you wonder why he ceases to shine? Yes, there is the child of promise that I bade you watch. You saw how he wasted his time in useless repining. If he had kept steadily onward, instead of resting by the way, he would have reached the highest summit

in life. It is not by spasmodical efforts that we gain victory, but by walking steadily onward. All mankind are born to greatness, all can be great. What I mean by a great man is he who first conquers himself. Every one has within him a whispering guide, and if listened to, would make the world better. Remember, life is what you make it. It is yours to do as you please with it. No one else will mould it for you; it is a personal affair."

"You here asleep! why I thought you had gone home long ago!"

By the time I recovered from my sudden waking up, my companion had vanished, but left me a wiser girl, and I made a resolution never to complain or regret that which had passed, but to wisely improve the present, so that the future could bring no reproaches for wasted time and idle wishes.

M. Jones.

SHORT LECTURES, STORIES, SKETCHES.

(By students of the Rhetoric Class, B. Y. Academy.)

The Surface of the Moon.

How many of the evening strollers ever think how rough and rugged is the surface of the moon, whose smooth silvery light is cast softly upon them.

With the naked eye large dusky patches can be seen upon her surface. These are thought by some to resemble a man, hence the story of the man in the moon.

These patches with a telescope of low power appear very smooth. The ancients thought them to be water, and gave the name *mare* (the Latin for sea) to them. It has since been found that there is no water on the moon. A telescope of high power reveals a more or less uneven surface throughout.

The mountains and the rougher parts

of the surface are plainly seen, with the naked eye, near the terminator—the line which separates the bright portion of the moon's disc from the dark. Many bright spots are clearly seen in the dark portion of the disc just outside the terminator; these are accompanied with dense shadows showing the high and low places. The bright spots are the tops of the mountains that catch the rays of the sun, while their bases and the lower places are in the dark.

The moon, as seen through a high power telescope, seems to be covered with crater-like inequalities. This circular tendency is apparent in all its markings. These saucer-shaped formations on the moon's surface are called craters. They vary in size from one mile to one hundred and fifty miles in diameter, and are all of volcanic origin. They also vary greatly in structure, and arrangement. Some are higher than the surrounding surface, others are mere basins. Some have broken ramparts, others are whole and perfect. On the sides of some are terraces, and the centers are filled with large cone-shaped peaks.

The three largest and most plainly marked craters are: Copernicus, Kepler and Tycho, named from famous astronomers.

Copernicus is one of the grandest of the lunar craters. Its diameter is forty-six miles. This is exceeded by many others, yet this one forms an interesting object of its class. It is situated near the center of the lunar disc, and all its details are thereby made more conspicuous. Its vast ramparts rise to a height of twelve thousand feet above the surrounding plateau. In its center stands a magnificent group of cones, of which three attain a height of two thousand four hundred feet.

The other craters may be similarly described though they vary greatly in detail.

There are three mountain ranges on the moon, much higher in comparison than the mountains on the earth. They are the Appenines on the south, and the Caucasus and the Alps on the east and north. Of these the Appenine is the longest range.

As far as we know at present there are no people on the moon to enjoy climbing these rugged steepes, but when the day comes that we can go there to find out, I shall tell you more about the moon's surface and its inhabitants, if it has any.

Jas. Osterman.

Dish-Washing.

DISH-WASHING is an art that is followed by every civilized people, though like all other arts it is very much abused.

It does seem as if one who had practiced dish-washing for fifty years would become an artist, but my observations have proven the contrary to be true in many cases.

For convenience I shall divide dish-washing into four steps. Whoever begins wrong is sure to make a failure of the process.

First, empty all the victuals that are left into clean dishes, and set in a cool place, then remove all the bits from plates with a knife or a piece of bread. Rinse the dregs from cups by passing a little water from one to another, and while so doing be piling each kind into separate heaps or bunches.

Second, after dishes have been carefully gathered get a large pan about half full of hot water, and arm yourself with clean towels, a cloth and a bar of soap.

Wash glasses that have no grease on them in the clean hot water, rub briskly

with a dry cloth, and put them out of your way. Wash the remaining dishes in soapy water and pile them in a large pan by your side.

Third, pour boiling hot water over the pile and rub each dish briskly with a dry towel. If the knives and forks are silver they should be disposed of first; if not, let them remain till all the other dishes are removed, and after washing them through the first water, rub with a polishing cloth, rinse, and carefully dry. They should not remain in water longer than is necessary.

Fourth, do not put dishes away in heaps, but recline them against a cleat in the back of the cupboard.

Rinse the pan and cloth in clean hot water, and hang the towels and the cloth where they will dry, otherwise they will become sour and unfit for use.

I can assure you that dishes taken through this process will not cling so tenaciously to your fingers that you can hardly shake them off, but will be smooth and glossy.

Ida Busch.

The Ant and the Dove.

ONE day when the great black clouds were pouring torrents of rain upon the beautiful earth, a busy little ant was caught by a foaming river and hurled down the rocky bed of a canyon. No help seemed to be near, and death was almost certain. In vain the tiny creature looked for aid, reaching out its feet at every bubble and stick that came near. The great lake was only a short distance away.

At the last moment a graceful dove, the emblem of purity, came near the water, on its homeward journey. Seeing the struggling ant beneath her in the water she flew with lightning speed to a large-leaved bush on the bank,

picked a leaf and carried it to the unfortunate one in the water.

On the rude boat thus provided the ant floated safely to the bank, but was almost dead from the effects of the cold water. Many miles from home, in a strange land, without relatives, the ant found itself. Determined to reach home, it began the long weary march.

* * * * *

One day as the golden sun was sinking to rest, and the trees cast long shadows over the dreary plain, a tall, rough-looking man clad in a hunting suit with fur cap, a large belt of cartridges, and a gun, made his appearance.

As he was walking carelessly among the dry branches and leaves he startled a dove from her nest. Taking aim at the pretty bird he was just about to pull the trigger. Death was about to pierce the innocent dove's body with cruel wounds. Just as the trigger was pressed the hunter sprang wildly into the air; the deadly missile had flown far from its mark, and the dove escaped unharmed.

The cause of the man's pain was soon found to be the tiny ant—the same little wanderer, rescued by the dove, had saved its deliverer's life by biting the man on the foot.

Save a life where'er you can,
The life of insect, beast or man.

WHAT is the true test of character, unless it be its progressive development in the bustle and turmoil, in the action and reaction of daily life? This progressive development is but the daily and hourly cultivation of those virtues in which we are deficient, that we may each become a rounded and well proportioned whole.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

"It's a shame," said Mrs. Fogg, as she hurried away, after the funeral of Mrs. Grant, escaping from the poor, desolate room where two children, almost babies, were sleeping, unconscious that they were motherless. "It's a shame that nobody will take them."

"Yes, a bitter shame!" replied a neighbor, who was hurrying off as fast as she could, so as to shift responsibility on some other shoulders.

"There's Mrs. Grove; she might take them as well as not. But they'll go to the poor house, for all she cares. As for me, I've got young ones enough of my own."

"We left Mrs. Cole in the room. She has only one child, and her husband is well-to-do. I can't believe she'll have the heart to turn away from them."

"She's got the heart for anything. But we'll see."

Mrs. Cole did turn from the sleeping babies, sighing aloud, with a forced sigh, that others might hear and give her credit for a sympathy and concern she did not feel.

At last all were gone — all but a man named Wheaton, and a poor woman not able to take care of herself.

"What's to become of the children?" said Wheaton.

"Don't know; poorhouse, I s'pose," answered the woman.

"Poorhouse!"

"Yes. Nobody wants 'em and there's no place else for 'em."

"Mamma! mamma!" cried a plaintive voice and a flaxen-haired child rose up in the bed and looked piteously around the room. "I want mamma."

A great choking sob came up in the man's throat.

Then the other child awoke and said:

"Don't cry, sissy, mamma's gone away."

At this the little one began crying bitterly.

"I can't stand this nohow," said the man, speaking in a kind of desperate way; and going to the bed, he gathered the two children in his arms, holding and comforting them with soothing words.

"What on earth have you got there?" exclaimed Mrs. Wheaton, as her husband came striding into the room where she sat mending one of his well-worn garments.

"Two babies!" he answered in a voice so unusual that Mrs. Wheaton dropped her work on the floor and rose up in amazement.

"What?"

"Mrs. Grant's two babies. I've been over to the funeral and I tell you, Jane, it wasn't me to see these little things carried off to the almshouse. There wasn't a woman to look after them—no, not one. Every soul sneaked off but Polly Jones, and she's of no account, you know. Just look at their dear little faces;" and he held them up in his arms and let their tender, tearful, half-frightened, half-wondering eyes plead their cause with his wife, and they did not plead in vain.

Surprised as she was, and with an instant protest in her heart, Mrs. Wheaton could not, in the presence of these motherless little ones utter a word of remonstrance. She took the youngest one from the arms of her husband and spoke to it tenderly. The child sobbed two or three times and then laid its head against her bosom. There was an influx of mother love in the heart of this woman, who had never been a mother, the instant her breast felt the pressure of the baby's head, and the arm that drew it closer by an involun-

tary impulse was moved by this new love.

Not many words passed between the husband and wife—at least not then, though thought was very busy with both of them. Mrs. Wheaton's manner toward the children was kind even to tenderness, and her manner won their confidence and drew from them such looks, and ways and little expressions of satisfaction, as touched her heart and filled it with a loving interest.

After nightfall, when supper was over, and the children asleep Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton sat down together, each showing a little reserve and embarrassment. Mrs. Wheaton was first to speak.

"What are you thinking about, John?" said she, almost sharply. "I can't have these children."

Wheaton did not lift his eyes nor answer, but there was a certain dogged, resolute air about him that his wife noticed as unusual.

"Somebody else must take them," she said.

"The county will do it," Wheaton replied.

"The county?"

"Yes. There's room for them at the almshouse, and nowhere else as I know of, unless they stay here."

"Unless they stay here?" Mrs. Wheaton's voice rose a little. "It's easy enough to say that; but whose to take care of them?"

"It's a great undertaking, I know," answered the husband, meekly, yet with a new quality in his voice, that did not escape the quick ears of his wife, "and the burden must fall on you."

"I wouldn't mind it so much, but——"

She kept back the sentence that was on her tongue.

"But what?" asked her husband.

"John," said Mrs. Wheaton, drawing herself up in a resolute manner, and looking steadily into her husband's face, "as things are going on——"

"Things shall go on differently," interrupted Wheaton. "I've thought that all over."

"How differently, John?"

"Oh, in every way. I'll turn over a new leaf."

Wheaton saw a light flash into his wife's face.

"First and foremost, I'm not going to lose any more days. Last month I had six days docked from my wages."

"Why, John!"

"It's true—more the shame for me. That was eighteen dollars, you see, not counting the money I fooled away in the company—enough to pay for all these babies would eat and wear twice over."

"O, John!"

There was something eager and hopeful in his wife's face as she leaned toward him.

"I'm in downright earnest, Jane," he answered. "If you'll take the babies, I'll do my part. I'll turn over a new leaf. There shall be no more lost days: no more foolish wasting of money; no more spending evenings at McBride's."

"O, John!" In her surprise and delight she could only repeat the exclamation. As she did so this time, she rose, and putting her hands on his shoulders, bent and kissed him on the forehead.

"You'll take the babies?" said he.

"Yes, and twenty more, if you keep to this and say so," answered Jane, laughing through tears.

"All right, then, it's a bargain." And Wheaton caught his wife's hand and shook it by way of confirmation.

From that time Wheaton turned over a new leaf. Neighbors expressed sur-

prise when it was told that Wheaton had adopted the two orphan children. Fellow-workmen taunted John, calling him soft-hearted, and a fool, for "taking other men's brats."

One said to him: "Are four months easier to fill than two?" Another:

"You'll be sick of this before the year's out." Another:

"I'll see you sold out by the constable in less than six months."

But John had little to say in reply, only maintaining an air of good humor, and exhibiting more interest in his work.

For three weeks John Wheaton had not lost a day, something very unusual; and not one evening during that time had he spent at McBride's drinking saloon. His poor little home, which had come to have a neglected look, was putting on a new appearance. The gate that had hobbled on one hinge now swung smoothly, and the mended latch held it shut. Rank weeds no longer filled the door-yard; the broken steps were mended, and clean panes of glass filled many a place in the sashes where had been unsightly rags and sheets of paper.

A neglected running rose was trimmed and trained to its proper place over the doorway, and was now pushing out young, green leaves and buds.

Within, pleasant changes were also apparent. Various new but inexpensive articles of furniture were to be found. Old things were mended, polished up, and wonderfully improved. With all this, marvelous to relate, Wheaton's earnings had not only been equal to the increased expenditure, but there was an actual surplus of ten dollars in hand.

"I never would have believed it," said John, as he and his wife sat one evening talking over their improved

condition, after the babies—loved now almost as if their own—were asleep. "It's just as Brown used to say, 'Waste takes more than want.' I declare I've got heart in me again. I thought we should have to let the place go; that I'd never be able to pay off the mortgage. But here we are, ten dollars ahead in less than a month, and going on at this rate, we'll have all clear in eighteen months."

Next day a fellow-workman said to Wheaton, half in banter, "Didn't I see the constable down your way yesterday? I thought I saw him looking around after things and counting his fees on his fingers." "Likely as not," said Wheaton. "I know of a good many rents not paid up last quarter. Money gone to McBride's instead of to the landlord—eh?"

The man winced a little.

"How are the babies?" he asked.

"First rate," Wheaton answered, and with a smile so real that his fellow-workman could not pursue his banter.

Time went on, and, to the surprise of all, Wheaton's circumstances kept improving. The babies had brought a blessing to his house. In less than eighteen months he had paid off a light mortgage that for years had rested on his little home; and not only this, but he had improved it in various ways, even to the putting up of a small addition, so as to give them a nice, neat breakfast room.

The children grew finely—there were three of them now, for their hearts and home had opened to another orphan baby—and, being carefully trained by Mrs. Wheaton, they were a light and joy to the house.

At the end of five years we will introduce them briefly to the reader.

Wheaton is a master workman and

employs ten men. He has enlarged his house and made it one of the neatest in the village. Among his men is the very one who bantered him most about the children and prophesied that he soon would be sold out by the constable. Poor man! it was not long before the constable had him in charge. He had wasted his money at McBride's instead of paying it to the landlord.

Walking home one evening after work was over, Wheaton and his journeyman took the same way. They were silent until they came near the former's pretty dwelling, when the journeyman said, half in jest yet with undisguised bitterness, "I guess we'll have to take a baby or two."

"Why?" asked Wheaton, not perceiving what was in the man's thoughts.

"For good luck," said the journeyman.

"Oh!"

"You've had nothing but good luck since you took poor Mrs. Grant's orphan children."

"Only such good luck as every one may have if he will," answered Wheaton.

"I can't see it," returned the man. "Your wages were no better than mine. I had one child, and you saddled yourself with two, and not long after a third. And how is it today? You have a nice house, and your wife and children are well-dressed, while I have never been able to make both ends meet, and my boy looks like a ragamuffin half the time."

"Do you see that house over there, the largest and handsomest in the place?" said Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Who owns it?"

"Jimmy McBride."

"How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Me?"—in surprise.

"Yes, you? How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Why nothing. Why should I help pay for building it?"

"Sure enough! Why should your hard earnings go to build and furnish an elegant house for a man who would rather sell liquor and so ruin his neighbors, body and soul, than support himself in a useful calling, as you and I are trying to do?"

"I can't see what you're driving at," said the journeyman.

"How much a week do you spend at McBride's saloon?"

The man stood still with a blank look on his face. "A dollar a week?" asked Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Say a dollar and a half."

"Well, say as much."

"Do you know what that amounts to in a year?"

"Never counted it up."

"Seventy-eight dollars."

"No!"

"Yes, to a dollar. So in five years at this rate, you have contributed nearly four hundred dollars toward McBride's handsome house, without getting anything but harm in return, and haven't a shingle over your head that you can call your own. Now it's my advice, in a friendly way, that you stop helping McBride and help yourself. He's comfortable enough and can do without your dollar and a half a week. Take a baby, if you will, for good luck. You'll find one over at the poorhouse. It won't cost you half as much as helping McBride, and I don't think he needs your aid any longer. But here we are at home, and I see my wife and

children waiting for me. Come in, won't you?"

"No, thank you. I'll go home and talk to Ellen about taking a baby for good luck." And he tried to smile, but it was anything but in a cheerful way. He passed onward, but called back after going a few steps.

"If you see anything of my Jack about your place, send him home, will you?"

Jack was their son, meanly dressed and dirty, and in striking contrast with Wheaton's three adopted children, who with the only mother they knew gave the happy man a hearty welcome.

"I've turned over a new leaf," said the journeyman when he came to work on the next morning.

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it," returned Wheaton.

"Ellen and I talked it over last night. I'm done helping saloon-keepers build fine houses. Glad you put it to me in just that way. Never looked at it so before. But it's just the hard truth. What fools we are!"

"Going to take a baby?" said Wheaton, smiling.

"Well, we haven't just settled that. But Ellen heard yesterday of one that'll have to go on the county if some one don't take it; and I should not wonder, now, if she opened her heart, for she's a motherly body."

"Where is it?" asked Wheaton.

"Down at Woodbury Mills."

Wheaton reflected a few moments, and then said: "Look here, Frank, take my advice, and put this baby between you and McBride—between you and lost days—between you and idle thriftlessness, and my word for it, in less than two years you'll have your own roof over your head."

Only a little while did the man hesi-

tate, then in an emphatic manner he exclaimed: "I'll do it!"

"Do it at once, then," said Wheaton. "Put on your coat and go over to the mills and get the baby. It will be an angel in your house that will help and bless you in every hour of temptation.

Go at once. God has opened for you this way of safety, and if you'll walk therein all will be well."

He did walk therein, and all was well. Wheaton's prophecy was fulfilled. In less than two years the journeyman had his own roof over his head, and it covered a happy home.

Selected.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

STRENGTH IN UNITY, NOT IN NUMBERS.

AMONG the many surprising events which have occurred of late there is nothing that has aroused the attention of the world equal to the success of the Japanese in their recent war with China. Japan has sprung into importance with a suddenness that is almost unexampled. The Japanese have been known to be active, intelligent, skillful and progressive; but many have entertained the opinion that they were inferior in many respects to the Chinese. Certainly there could be no comparison between the two nations in point of numbers and resources. China is an immense empire,—almost, it might be said, a world within itself; and though so far as living within themselves is concerned the Japanese have proved their ability in this direction through centuries of isolation, yet they were comparatively insignificant and their country but a small one. In this contest, however, they have exhibited qualities that have called forth

the respect and admiration of the nations of Europe, and have conquered the Chinese so signally that a very heavy war debt has been laid upon China and she has lost some portion of her territory.

It is interesting to examine the causes which have produced such successful results for Japan. Undoubtedly her armies were well disciplined; they were well clothed and well fed, and were armed with weapons of an improved character. Their generals handled the troops with great skill, and their combinations were most excellent, both on the land and on the sea. They exhibited fighting qualities of a high order, and they handled their army and navy in a manner that compared favorably with the operations in the same line of the most advanced European nations. But while it must be conceded that they made the best use of the naval and military knowledge which they had obtained from other warlike nations, their success had not been entirely due to these causes. They have taught the nations of the earth a lesson which China has not yet learned, and that is, that the strength of a people consists not in numbers, nor in wealth, nor in the possession of the most improved fighting facilities, but in union and in devotion to a grand central idea.

The objection which has been urged against the Japanese is that they are too devoted to the Mikado. Probably no people on the earth are more loyal to their ruler than the Japanese are to their emperor and his family. Every Japanese appears to be filled with the highest sense of loyalty to the Mikado; and with this sentiment there is the strongest attachment to their country and to its interests. Every man acts as though the honor of his race depended upon him individually. The soldiers and sailors have fought, not as hirelings

fight, but as men who fight for everything they hold dear—animated by the highest feeling of loyalty and devotion to their emperor and to their country. Nerved with such a feeling as this, every one of them was a hero, and he went into battle with a determination to conquer or die. This sentiment, which animates the entire nation, sent them forth against their enemies with irresistible force and vigor.

The Chinese have not been animated by any such love for the dynasty under which they live nor for the country which they inhabit. For men to thoroughly love their country and its institutions, and be in the full sense of the word patriotic, they must have reasons to love the power which governs them. This, from all accounts that we have, is sadly wanting in the Chinese. They therefore do not have the heart in fighting, they do not have the motives to urge them on, which are so strong in their Japanese antagonists. Large and populous as is China, her resources have not been utilized. She has shown herself weak and unwieldy. It has been suggested by various observers who claim to be familiar with the actual condition of affairs in China that the throne is trembling, and that it might easily be overthrown and some new ruler be chosen. If there be truth in this statement, no wonder the people have shown little zeal in defending their country or in repelling their enemies.

There is a great lesson to be derived from this war. A comparatively weak people, weak in numbers, deficient in resources, and with inferior wealth, can become exceedingly mighty and can accomplish wonderful results by being united and having a cause to maintain in which all are interested, and which every man feels it his duty to make vic-

torious. The Latter-day Saints ought to profit by the illustration thus furnished of the advantages of having a great central idea around which all can rally. The central idea that we ought to have is not to make conquests of a material character, not to aggrandize ourselves by obtaining wealth, or possessions, or power of the kind that the world contends for, but to maintain righteousness, to spread abroad truth, to diffuse intelligence, and to uplift mankind to a higher plane; in a word, to build up Zion, which means the redemption of the human family by the agencies which God has appointed and by the methods which He has revealed. The central idea with the Latter-day Saints ought to be to do everything possible to have the will of God done upon the earth as it is done in heaven, and to engage in nothing that will retard the fulfillment of this. In doing this no human being's rights will be invaded, no liberty will be infringed upon, no wrong will be ever attempted or practiced, but everyone's happiness will be promoted, everyone's welfare will be consulted and advanced, and the power of evil will be broken. *The Editor.*

THE NEW COOK.

CHAPTER III.

MILTON muttered something about a "pressing business engagement," and precipitously retired, while his mother said in her kindest accents:

"O, it's you, is it, dear?"

Judge of Rachel's surprise at seeing before her the lady who had so kindly procured customers for the infant robes. She dropped her frown and went in, looking pleased, for this was a very different lady than the one presaged by certain words which Rachel had just been unfortunate enough to hear.

"Come in and sit down," the lady added pleasantly.

Rachel complied and they exchanged remarks, now, for the first time, learning each other's names. And Rachel found out with surprise, that these people were the Kingleys, the family who held the mortgage on her former home.

"Take off your things and rest for awhile. I'm so glad to see you. I have often thought of you, though I did not know your name or anything about you, and wondered how you have been getting along. Are you still doing drawn-work?"

Rachel said she had given that up for good, and Mrs. Kingley added:

"I hope you did not hear any of that fellow's ridiculous gibberish, as you came in. He's my son, my eldest born, you know, and he takes great license in my presence."

"Yes, I heard him. To tell the truth, I stood at the door some few minutes, knocking, before I could make myself heard."

Mrs. Kingley laughed and apologized.

While standing outside of the door, Rachel had felt woe-begone and discouraged. At the same time she burned with indignation at the thoughts of the reception she was about to meet, judging from the mimic reception which was sounding from within.

"I'll show him he is vastly mistaken if he thinks I will fall in love with him! Kiss him, indeed!"—this was muttered with great scorn and resentment. "I feel like going back this instant and giving up thoughts of being their cook. If he gets to trying any of his manœuvres with me," she added in a most threatening undertone, "I'll—I'll—why—I'll spit in his face!"

And it was with some such determi-

nation marked on her own face that she glared at Wilton as he flung open the door.

The Kingleys were bankers. The father had his head-quarters in another city. There his first wife took care of him, while here Milton took care of this division of his father's bank, this branch of his father's family.

The eldest daughter was married, being the proud possessor of the wonderful grand-daughter before mentioned. Several younger sons and daughters were away attending school in the city where their father had his head-quarters. So Milton and his mother were the sole occupants of the house when Rachel called. Rachel's courage had now entirely forsaken her. She sat supinely exchanging comments about the weather and the political situation, finding it harder and harder to broach the subject of "cook." She could see that Mrs. Kingly had not the faintest idea that Rachel was there in the shape of a third applicant.

"I wish my daughters were home," said the hostess. "They are lively girls, and you could have such a pleasant visit with them. "Well—well, Mrs. Kingly, I—I hope I'll be here when they come."

"Yes, you must, dear; you must visit us often. Luella comes frequently; she has the dearest little girl; and in June, Geneva arrives for the vacation."

Then they had a long talk, this time entering into family history. Rachel told of her parents' death and all about the efforts of Silas and herself to be independent. While Mrs. Kingly sympathetically listened and encouraged.

"Finally I determined to get a position," added Rachel after her long recital of happenings, "and I concluded

to get a place as governess or school teacher."

"If my children were only younger now, I should engage you on the spot and institute in Utah the custom of having governesses. But you know, dear, that my children are all beyond governesses. Have you made an application to Prof. T—— for a position as school teacher?"

"No, I haven't."

"He is just the man to know if there is any such position vacant for you."

"But, Mrs. Kingly, I don't wish to teach," Rachel added, tremulously.

"What do you wish to do, dear?"

"I want to be your cook."

Mrs. Kingly looked astonished. Then she blushed. This lovely Miss Glynn a third applicant and she had heard what Milton said concerning the next would-be cook! For the first time in her life, Mrs. Kingly felt ashamed of her son, Milton. No wonder the poor girl looked so hurt and indignant when he opened the door! "I wish that my son were here to apologize for himself," Milton's mother said.

It was rather an awkward piece of business, but Mrs. Kingly explained it as best she could. "You know Milton is a great mimic. We had just had an applicant who did nothing but ogle my son and call him her 'feller.' When she was gone of course Milton had to re-enact her and improvise a future applicant, built on the same plan. I hope you will forgive him, dear. I assure you he has no disrespect for your sex (he has been too well taught for that), though you might have inferred it from what you heard of him through the door."

"Mrs. Kingly, you need have no uneasiness on that score. I don't care enough for the opposite sex to heed

what opinion they may have of me—except my brother; and I know how to make it uncomfortable enough for Silas to ensure respect from that quarter."

Rachel would show Mrs. Kingley at the outset that she had no designs on her son. And wouldn't she show the son though? That time she called at the bank to leave her work, and also when she went for the money, she noticed (so she now thought) that Milton Kingley looked as though he expected her to fall down and worship him as all other maids did. But instead of admiring with her eyes, Rachel had hardly seemed to see Milton on that memorable occasion.

"Well she's a haughty beauty," had been Milton's mental comment. "I'll warrant her husband-to-be, will have to tussel hard for her favor."

That evening at supper time Milton entered looking so guilty, that Rachel had a task to keep from laughing in the culprit's face. To all appearances, however, Rachel was absolutely indifferent to his entrance and he had time to collect himself somewhat, before his mother said;

"Miss Glynn, this is my son."

"My son" made a shame-faced bow.

Miss Glynn bowed with all possible ease and said, "Happy to meet you, Mr. Kingley," while her face and manners plainly said, "I don't care whose son you are!"

"I think I have had the honor of meeting Miss Glynn before," said "my son" with labored breath.

"Oh indeed?" with indifferent surprise from the new cook.

"Yes, I remember seeing you in the Bank. You transacted some business with me on two different occasions."

"O, were you there?"

This settled any chimerical ideas

which may have been flitting through Milton's head that the new cook was going to fall in love with him; for she had not only failed to admire, but she had not even seen him when she had stood face to face with him on two different occasions.

CHAPTER IV.

For several weeks Rachel found it difficult to maintain a composed exterior. She was fairly benumbed, at times over the thought of her temerity. How dared she stay there cooking and acting all this time? At times every woman acts in an assumed role. Generally the period when this tendency is most marked is when Cupid lets fly his arrows at her heart. I won't say that the cruel little cherub had yet succeeded in piercing Rachel's breast, but, nevertheless, the new cook found it trying, defenseless as she was, to endure the constant siege of liquid fire from Milton's eyes. Milton, blessed youth, had never yet learned that truly feminine art of screening his feelings. His heart shone on his face; and each morning when Rachel brought the muffins to the table she could not help seeing his "rapt soul sitting in his eyes." Neither could she entirely smother a queer, pleasing emotion which on these mornings she felt tugging at her own heart strings; but so skilled was Rachel in the art of dissimulation, that her sympathy for the poor, forlorn fellow who, during the last few mornings, had pensively ogled her from behind the milk-pitcher, assumed an expression of stony unconsciousness.

Ever since Rachel arrived, Milton had been striving strenuously to become acquainted, but her studied reserve shut out all possibility of freedom, either in feelings or conversation. When Mrs.

Kingley was present she managed to keep a flow of conversation comparatively free and genial. Even then Rachel spoke but seldom directly to Milton. Mrs. Kingley had delicate health and often kept her bed until after her son had gone to the bank. So on these mornings Milton and Rachel had to endure the silent agony. With Milton it was an agonizing ecstasy; with Rachel a period when she felt constrained and artificial. She had to adjust her countenance to the occasion and she felt it incumbent upon her to weigh well her few words before giving them utterance.

"Rachel,"—Milton called the new cook by her given name—"Your muffins are excellent," as he tore open a fourth flaky gem and buttered it.

"Thank you, Mr. Kingley," Rachel answered in a hard, unconcerned voice. She would persist in calling him Mr. Kingley, in the most formal tones, despite his and his mother's request to the contrary.

"Yes, they are excellent muffins. Betsey Ann never made such muffins."

Now this was what nettled Rachel: Milton was always comparing her with Betsey Ann. Betsey Ann was the last cook. Zounds on his patronizing ways! Was she going to remain here week after week and be talked of in connection with Betsey Ann? No. She'd not allow it! So she answered icily:

"Betsey Ann? What do I care what sort of muffins she made? Mr. Kingley, I'll thank you not to resurrect Betsey Ann again."

He looked hurt and politely begged pardon. Then his face cleared up as he added,

"I understand your feelings."

Which made Rachel feel only the more dubious.

Milton was of a sanguine tempera-

ment and strongly optimistic. He never wasted his time in vain regrets. He had a marked belief that retrospection kills energy. Take care of the present was a motto strongly engraven on his character. What is the use of fidgeting about the past or worrying over the future? Do, do, do, and leave no margin for repentance or approval. Expectation is the sustaining food of many minds and Milton knew that hope killed effort.

One morning, in the struggling conversation which took place, the fact had come out that Emerson was a favorite author of Rachel's. So, as a matter of course, Milton immediately took to reading Emerson. And Milton now discovered that his own ideas were Emerson's ideas. Emerson's decisions had been expressed by himself, in a vague, unconcise way. In the essays of that plain, practical logician, Milton discovered dozens of his own "rejected thoughts."

Emerson says we have no confidence in our own ideas simply because they are our own. "Trust thyself. * * * Trust your emotion. * * * Out upon your guarded lips!" These and other sentiments from the pen of Ralph Waldo Emerson fell, after Milton had been trying unusually hard to please Rachel, like balm upon his troubled spirits.

"There is something low even in hope. We are then in vision. * * * Prayer as a means to effect a private end is theft and meanness. * * * Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will. * * * As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect."

These opinions at first struck Milton

as being rather too radical, not to say sacrilegious. But, on reading them over and weighing the explanatory sentences, he decided that Emerson only confirmed his own decisions regarding human propensities.

"I have been reading Emerson," Milton said one morning with a knowing smile.

A real gleam of interest shone for one instant in the eyes of Rachel, as she asked in the mellowed voice with which she had not yet spoken to him,

"O, have you?"

Milton delightedly improved the golden opportunity by adding,

"Yes, and do you know, you remind me of one character he alludes to. He says: 'Do not think the maid has no force because she can not speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room, who spoke so clear and emphatic. It seems she knows how to speak to her contemporaries, (as you do, Rachel, when you are in the next room with my mother). Good heavens! it is she! it is that very lump of bashfulness and phlegm, which for weeks has done nothing but eat when I was by, that now rolls out these words like bell-strokes, etc. etc.'"

Rachel actually laughed.

Emboldened by his success, Milton went on:

"Emerson says, 'Your goodness must have some edge to it, else it is none,' and I add, 'your sympathy must have some action in it (that is it must in my case) else it is none.'"

"You have not read at least our essay of Emerson's with which I am familiar, or you would not have committed yourself on sympathy, for he says: 'A sympathetic person is placed in the dilemma of a swimmer among drowning men, who all catch at him, and if he

gives so much as a leg or finger they will drown him.'"

This was given in a voice really genial.

Now they thawed out and had a genuine conversation such as Emerson describes, with but two participants.

In many respects Rachel was the very opposite to Milton. She was ever regretting, ever hoping. And yet it was hope tintured with pessimism.

"Oh if I had only said this or done that!" such regrets her feelings were always humming. Constantly she looked upon some other mortal with feelings of envy and emulation. Self-depreciation strongly flavored her personality. One day she came across Emerson's essay on "Self-reliance." Here was a tonic for morbid self-distrust. She read it and re-read it; then read it again and studied it. She became so conversant with her pet author that some saying of his was on her tongue's end on every occasion. Still she could never vocally apply his and her philosophy. And she yet found it difficult to throw aside her usual acquiescent spirit and accomodating smile in order to become a non-conformist. Her expression had been apolygetic, as if to say, "Pardon the intrusion of my presence," or "Forgive the intrusion of my tongue."

But now her demeanor began to assume something of confidence. She was deciding that she might have some personal weight after all, so that she could even patent an individual effort, occasionally, with the stamp of certainty and propriety.

"Know thyself," was beginning to take effect in Rachel.

Oh how she admired and wished for character! Character? It was a word which had always vaguely suggested to Rachel a compound of force, inconsider-

ateness, and self-sufficiency. If she saw a girl who would, unmoved, walk over others and harness others to her own will. "She has character," Rachel would admiringly whisper to herself.

"But oh how I dislike her!" she would add bitterly. "She steps on me and the harder she presses down the more compliant I become. Then (not till it is too late to be effectual though) reaction and rebellion set in. My feelings always rebound afterwards to my own hurt. Oh fate! when shall I be able to work off the steam of my fury under the noses of my aggressors?"

Rachel often underwent excesses of feeling because she repressed herself where she should have given way to spontaniety. With all her reading of Emerson she could not trust herself to impulse. She still felt poverty when she encountered a great person. She occasionally obtained a furlough from the barracks of "feeble souls" and yet her power deserted her at the most inopportune times.

"Character is centrality, the impossibility of being displaced or overset. Acquiescence and appeal indicate infirm faith and heads which are not clear. Character repudiates intellect. * * * A man should not go where he cannot carry his whole sphere of society with him, not bodily the whole circle of his friends, but atmospherically. He should preserve in a new company the same attitude of mind and reality of relation, which his daily associates draw him to.

* * * What others effect by talent or eloquence this man accomplishes by some magnetism. * * * His victories are by demonstration of superiority and not by crossing of bayonets. He conquers because his arrival alters the face of affairs. * * * The men who carry their points do not need to enquire of

their constituents, what they should say, but are themselves the country which they represent; nowhere are its emotions or opinions so instant and true as in them. * * * Higher natures overpower lower ones by affecting them with a certain sleep. * * * A man of character will not lose himself in vastness, but will always be collected and retain his personality."

These decisions of Emerson's caused Rachel's feelings to alternate between courage and despair. Why were there certain persons who always made their presence felt? Milton was one. He was not a noisy fellow. ("A gentleman makes no noise,"—Emerson). He did not wag his tongue or gain proselytes by talk. But there was an indefinable something about him—some hidden force—which caused others to conform, in appearances, if not in thoughts. She had often wondered what the secret of this latent power was, often had she applied keys to this perplexing problem, but not until now did she feel that she was any nearer the solution. Now she was coming to the conclusion that all depended on self. That it was not a result of environment, of education, or of wealth. For did not many partisan-propped persons fail as individuals? Did not educated persons (the "pale scholars," to whom Emerson refers) often lose their personality when with individuals of character? As for wealth, she knew that was the most flimsey prop and yet the most frequently recognized. Still, even wealth paled into insignificance before character.

Then she thought of the self-assertive person who thrusts opinions and ideas without being recognized. They were more weak than the quiet, apologetic ones. Emerson enlightened her by telling her that "the most attractive class

of people are those who are powerful obliquely and not by the direct stroke," those who give the cheer of their light without demanding too great a tax.

"If I keep on reading Emerson and trying to follow his advice, I shall likely be able to comport myself with the proper degree of self-sufficiency," ruminated Rachel one day, while hugging her pet volume. Opening it, though, this was the first sentence which struck her eye:

"For practical success there must not be too much design."

That character was an inborne quality Rachel had despairingly concluded, deciding that she was not one of the favored few. This she considered a confirmation of her decision: "There is nothing in success or failure than more or less of vital force supplied from the Eternal."

"Say, Rachel"—this was said in such a premonitory tone that Rachel removed her Emersonian gaze from a spider on the stove-pipe and came to herself with a start. Looking at Milton in a frightened manner, her feelings of security were shocked by seeing that he was gazing at her with a beatified expression. "Rachel, I don't believe you have ever quite forgiven me for that little piece of acting the day you arrived."

Silence on Rachel's part.

"Tell me, Rachel, that you will erase that from your memory." His voice sounded suspiciously tender.

"Why, of course, I'll forget it," said Rachel in a practical, unmoved voice.

"Won't you thaw out just a particle?"—imploringly—"you don't know how duced unhappy you make a fellow feel."

"If Emerson were here now," Rachel said, smiling, "he would say again that friendship 'pules and whines.'"

The real words were "*love* pules and whines," but Rachel felt an unexplainable reticence about using that dangerous, small word.

"But of course I'll thaw out, and as much as you please, if you'll only tell me how I can. I'm only a natural Miss Glum and can't help being grumpy," continued Rachel.

Milton gave half a dozen receipts of antidotes to frigidity, and, amid laughter, Rachel promised to take a good dose of each.

"Here I have been striving for the last week to 'acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression' in order that I might put you at your ease, and yet, until I fell back on my naked valor and disencumbered it of all aids, I failed utterly."

"Oh, Milton!"—the name came out impulsively, and just as impulsively Rachel clapped her hand to her mouth—"I mean Mr. Kingley—do stop talking like Ralph Waldo and I will thaw out."

"Anything!—anything to please you"—unconsciously he accentuated the personal pronoun. And Rachel saw, with dismay, that Milton was coming towards her, both hands extended. He clutched one of her hands, wrung it, and dropped it. He looked dazed and happy, then departed.

"Mr. Kingley, you've left your hat," Rachel called to the excited form which, hatless and coatless, was striding out of the yard to his place of business.

"Did you say 'come back?'" he asked joyfully, as he turned and ran towards the house.

Rachel coolly handed him his hat and coat. Effectually sobered, he took them and went away, blushing mightily and muttering, "What a confounded fool I am!"

Rachel was troubled and perplexed.

"What can be the matter with him?" she asked, a cloud on her face. "I wonder if there is a streak of insanity in the family? I never heard of it. Is it business cares? No. I heard him tell his mother that since he ate of my cookery business weighed more lightly than it ever had before. Despondency? No. Disappointment? No." And thus she went on, in her usual ruminative way, asking herself questions and answering them, until suddenly a thought seemed to strike her.

"I have it!" she exclaimed, slapping one hand on to the other—

"Milton is in love!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOVE OF GOD AND THE LOVE OF THE WORLD.*

WHEN our Savior was upon the earth, being continually filled with the Holy Ghost, the words He uttered are of the greatest importance to the whole human family.

He knew how prone the children of men are to follow after the things of this world. The desire to acquire and possess the things of the world is right, for do we not all want places to live in, something to eat, drink and wear? Yes. It is very well for those who are called to the ministry and sent to the nations of the earth to preach the Gospel, to "Take no thought for yourselves, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewith ye shall be clothed," but it is certainly required of us to sustain ourselves and our families, and help build up the Church and Kingdom of God on the earth.

If we keep this object strictly in view and work towards it with all our energies it will be well with us. But if we

allow too much love for the things of the world to creep into our hearts we will be found building up our individual selves at the expense, or at least regardless of the interests of our brethren.

The great lesson which we all have to learn is to hold the balance of power in just proportion in our hearts between the love of God and the love of the world, for "Where the treasure is there will the heart be also." Our God and Father requires our hearts and our affections centred in Him at all times.

The greatest commandment of all is to love the Lord thy God with all thy might, mind and strength, and the second is equal to it, love thy neighbor as thyself.

"Ah," says one, "that is a hard thing to do. My neighbor is not so thrifty as I am; he does not deserve as much as I do." Nevertheless, the Lord requires us to do this very thing, though it touches the love of the world within us, and it is hard to subdue our selfishness.

This loving our neighbor as ourselves is a hard thing to do; it is a hard lesson to learn, but so are all the higher branches of a complete education.

There is only one way to obtain a complete education, and that is to study all our lessons well and apply them to our daily lives and conduct. Thus the way will be paved from the lower to the higher grades, and what once appeared to us to be insurmountable difficulties become easy, as we thus gradually approach them from the right direction. Thus it is in our religion also—we can never become accomplished scholars until we have learned all the lessons necessary to make us such. There is no easy road to heaven any more than there is a royal road to learning. Everyone must travel the same road and learn the same lessons.

* Paper read before the Y. M. M. I. Association.

It is always easy to do right if the heart is in the right place. Hear our Lord's invitation: "Come unto me all

and lowly of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." *Orr.*



ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek

WHEN PEACE AND PLENTY RULED.

Far Eastern and Biblical scenes have always been favorite subjects for painters

and engravers. If the desire was to picture a sweet, peaceful, pastoral landscape, the Holy Land when in its strength and prosperity could always furnish a proper inspiration and original. If, on the other hand, the object were to depict the barrenness and desolation of nature in her most forbidding aspect, the same historic country supplied in its ruins and departed glory all that the artist could require. And this applies no less to work produced with graver and brush than to the word-painting of prophets, poets and historians. The sacred book itself is in this respect incomparable for the variety, vigor and profound eloquence with which it describes the charming as well as the dreadful; and, as a matter of mere literary study, to say nothing of its value as a sacred history and a record of divine dealings with mankind, the Bible offers the best that the world has ever seen.

The scene accompanying this article is one of peaceful simplicity, such as the reading of the scriptures makes us all familiar with. First of all, we have the contented, happy children; then the bundles of grain, probably collected by the gleaners, indicating the fruitfulness of the land and the abundance of the harvest; and last but not least we have the gentle lamb—the harmless, docile creature that is so often referred to in the prophecies, similes, parables and exhortations of all the holy men who spake and wrote in those ancient days. Everything indicates serenity and plenty—a condition clearly preceding the woe and desolation that came upon the land at a later time and that still remain.

For our own part, we prefer to lay before our youthful readers pictures of this kind. The troubles and distresses

of the world will come startlingly before them soon enough. The days of happy childhood are none too long, and we believe in omitting all unpleasant features from them as far as possible. At the same time, the youngest child need not be spared the lesson that the Holy Land itself conveys—that only in virtue and obedience can there be happiness, only in loving the Lord and acting in righteousness can there be safety.

SPIRIT WHISPERINGS.

I PLACED UNTO mine ear a vacant shell
And thought I heard the roaring of the sea,
Sounding amid the mighty torrent's swell,
Bringing sweet thoughts and memories to me.

O vain delusion, I did hear one say,
The sound you hear is hut the roaring blood,
That from your beating heart doth find its way,
And hence those wondrous sounds as of a flood.

Just as that we call spirit whisperings,
Is but the echo of our thoughts within,
Which when we do a wrong to mem'ry brings,
A stinging consciousness, regret for sin.

Is there no sea because the sounds we hear,
Are not the real rolling, ocean's swell?
Is there no future, no eternity;
But all delusion that our spirits tell?

Nay, nay, a little we perchance may know,
Of that great realm beyond our mortal sight,
Yet all things on this little earth below,
Are typical of those more pure and bright.

The shell may simply a reminder be,
On memory's wall to hang before our view,
Bright pictures of the mighty surging sea,
The sound may not be real yet be true.

Thus the reflections of our hearts may be,
A light that glimmers from the eternal shore,
Speeding us on to the eternity,
Where we may dwell in bliss forevermore.

Annie G. Lauritzen.

THE scholar who is taught the most
will not think the deepest.

. . . THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1895.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**THE GROWTH AND IMPORTANCE OF INTEREST
IN ANCESTRY.**

THE interest which is being taken in many quarters to obtain a knowledge of genealogy and to trace out ancestry is very remarkable. Half a century ago, almost immediately after the revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith of the doctrine of baptism for the dead, this interest in genealogical matters began to manifest itself, and it has increased from that day up to the present time, until now there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of volumes published containing interesting details concerning families. Every once in awhile the announcement comes to hand that such and such a family is making inquiries concerning their relatives and ancestors, with a view to forming and publishing a book upon the subject.

In countries where there are class distinctions, and where men are desirous to show that their families are old and entitled to rank—because their standing in society depends upon this being known—it is not to be wondered at that pains should be taken to establish pedigrees. In all the countries of Europe it is esteemed a great honor to be able to trace one's pedigree back for hundreds of years, and to show how the first ancestor that was ennobled obtained his patent of nobility. But that is not the case in the United States. This feeling is a new exhibition on the part

of Americans. Fifty years ago it was a matter of indifference to the great bulk of the American people as to who their ancestors were or where they came from. But not so today. Interest is aroused in genealogies, and families are taking pride in collecting all the names of their kindred and tracing out their connections with other families.

No one who is connected with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and who believes its doctrines can fail to see the hand of the Lord in this. It is a movement that must be accepted as evidence of the working of God's Holy Spirit upon the hearts of the people, prompting them to assist the Saints in obtaining the names of those who are to be officiated for, having died without a knowledge of the Gospel. It would be almost an impossibility for the Saints themselves to obtain this knowledge unaided by others who have access to wider and better sources of information than we have; and the work that is incumbent upon us to perform in the temples is wonderfully aided by these volumes of reference, which contain so much information concerning families, their connections and their descent.

The more the subject is investigated the more wonderful does the work appear which devolves upon the Saints. One person represents millions of people—that is, the streams flowing from hundreds and thousands of different families concentrate in his single person; and if he had the knowledge of all his ancestors it would almost overwhelm him in view of the magnitude of the work that would have to be performed. When we think that a single individual has two parents, and that the next generation of his ancestors is doubled, and so on, it requires but little reflection to realize

that the ancestors from whom he is descended become almost innumerable.

The effect of temple labors upon the Latter-day Saints will become very marked. The researches which they will make to obtain knowledge of their ancestors will broaden their minds and enlarge their sympathies, and make them more cosmopolitan than other people. They will feel a bond of sympathy as well as of blood for mankind in general. There has been such an intermingling of the races in times that are past, and the blood of Ephraim has been so widely scattered throughout the nations of the earth, that the tracing of genealogy will establish a kinship between the Latter-day Saints and a great many races and nations. This will have the effect to remove narrowness and those sectional feelings that are too apt to grow up in the minds of individuals and communities. And as these causes continue to operate, every generation will exhibit more distinctively the traits that the belief and practices of the Latter-day Saints develop.

One effect will be that young men and young women who come of honorable ancestry will feel that it depends upon them to maintain its reputation and do nothing unworthy of their lineage. While our Church is too democratic in its teachings and organization and all its views to permit pride of birth to grow up to any extent, yet there will be what may be—for want of a better word—termed pride of character, and a disposition to maintain the honorable reputation which the family may have; and it is to be hoped that this will have an elevating effect upon the people. Marriages will be contracted with more care. Young men and women of good families, whose attention will be directed to their

lineage, will naturally be more careful respecting alliances that they may form, and they will not be nearly so likely to form hasty and ill-considered connections.

TRAVEL AS AN EDUCATOR.

Various causes are operating to make us a distinct people, and, if I may be permitted to say so, a superior people. There is no community today of our numbers where so many young men can be found who have had the experience of foreign travel. There is not a settlement in our mountains where men familiar with foreign countries and with the language, customs and habits of other people cannot be found. What an effect this must have upon the character of the people! There is no education superior to that furnished by travel and opportunities to mingle with people of other lands. This our Elders who have taken missions possess. They have not traveled hastily and observed superficially that which is to be seen in foreign countries; they have mingled with the people themselves in a way to receive lasting impressions concerning the differences which exist between life at home and life abroad.

The very nature of their labors compels them to notice peculiarities that might escape entirely the attention of other travelers. They can perceive that which is good in the people among whom they travel, and note particularly that which is superior to home ways and fashions. They can also perceive wherein customs and modes of life, methods of government, and rules of society are inferior to those at home. This experience is a great education, and qualifies those who receive it to act more intelligently and to be of greater usefulness at home.

It was the fashion in olden times for men of wealth to make arrangements for their sons to travel and see the world. They entrusted them to tutors or companions of experience who could impart information and call their attention to that which was worthy of notice. Education was not considered complete without such travel. Facilities now are so great and so easily procured that traveling has become much more common; but in no community have so many people enjoyed its advantages as is the case with the Latter-day Saints in these mountains.

COUNSELORS TO THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

We have been asked: "Had the Prophet Joseph Smith one or more counselors at the time of his martyrdom?"

After the excommunication of William Law, on April 18th, 1844, and until the day of the martyrdom (June 27th, 1844) Joseph Smith had no regularly appointed counselor except Sidney Rigdon, and he was disaffected. It is a fact however that Amasa M. Lyman had been chosen as a kind of associate counselor in the First Presidency in 1842; but this had nothing to do with William Law's apostasy, which took place nearly two years later. Hyrum Smith, though one of the First Presidency from November 7th, 1837, to January, 1841, did not act in that capacity after the latter date, having been called by revelation (January 19th, 1841) to succeed his deceased father as the Patriarch to the Church. Nevertheless he always was in truth a counselor to his brother Joseph, though not presented as one of the First Presidency, and the Prophet relied upon him in that capacity.

SUNDAY SCHOOL NORMAL CLASS.

THE Sunday School and M. I. classes of the Brigham Young Academy held their commencement exercises May 22nd. The course of twenty weeks in normal work had been completed and now they were to leave for their homes, to practice the theory received at the Academy.

Room G was very prettily, as well as symbolically decorated with wild flowers. The significance of which represented the Sunday school workers as "gatherers of the wild flowers of Deseret." On the stand was seated Apostle Lorenzo Snow, Elder Karl G. Maeser and S. S. class president J. M. Horsley and M. I. class president J. Court.

The exercises were conducted in true Sunday school style with singing from our Sunday school Hymn Book and prayer by Brother B. J. Andersen.

Brother Horsley gave the opening address. He made special mention of the work that had been done and the incentives received to be earnest workers in the Sabbath school cause.

Brother H. M. Taylor read an historical sketch of the class. In addition to the regular work the class had drawn up fifty lessons for each department in the Sunday school, and planted a class grove on the Academy grounds in the center of which stands two trees, one in honor of Brother Richard Ballantyne, who organized the first Sunday school in Utah, in 1849, and the other in honor of that earnest Sunday school worker, Bro. George Goddard.

Warm and spirited sentiments were expressed by the members which gave full vent to their feelings of love and appreciation for their faithful teachers and benefactors, the noble aspirations in their hearts to go forth into their

various helds of labor and magnify their calling.

Instructor Geo. H. Brimhall in his short address, in behalf of the Sunday school Normal class of '95, expressed his satisfaction with the way the members had conducted themselves and the diligent way they had pursued their studies.

Elder M. H. Hardy exhorted the young teachers to not go forth faint-hearted, but be filled with the spirit of love and truth.

Instructor L. E. Eggertsen expressed his appreciation for the beautiful decorations, as they had reminded him of the young teachers going out to gather in the boys and girls that are without culture, and tame them. If thorns were found among the wild flowers they were to be handled with care and so tended that it prove a blessing and not a pain.

Instructor B. Cluff, Jr., gave words of advice and portrayed the responsibility and delicatness of training the spiritual child. There is nothing in teaching requiring more care.

Apostle Lorenzo Snow was encouraging in his remarks: said he was a teacher as well as student; that he had been so for many years and expected to still be for a long time to come, as he always found people on earth more intelligent than he that could teach him, and he found also others who were inferior in knowledge that could receive benefits from him. He gloried in the work of the Brigham Young Academy and prophesied that it would succeed. It would go onward and be the standard bearer in Zion, that the hope of Zion was centered in her. He also pronounced blessings upon the teachers who had performed their duties so faithfully in this grand institution.

The closing remarks were uttered in

the same pleasing way that so much characterizes our worthy father of learning, Karl G. Maeser. He compared the classes that are in the Academy, surrounded by everything pure and God-like, with the stone gathered from the street in winter and put in the stove among red hot coals. It soon becomes red hot, too, but put it back in the street and it will again get cold from the surrounding elements and true to nature become colder than before. He exhorted the young teachers whose hearts are heated full to overflowing with desires to do good, to never let the heat leave them when they return home, as it does the rock when it is again placed in the street, but keep the heat by a continual fast and prayer to God.

Songs and instrumental pieces were interspersed in the exercises. The class sang, "The Parting Hymn," and benediction was pronounced by James B. Decker.

No man should live to himself alone; he should be eager and anxious to serve his fellowmen in direct and intentional ways. The means of doing this are innumerable, and will appeal to every stamp of mind and every variety of power. One will plan for the material improvement of the community, another will study its intellectual needs; he will espouse some needed reform, another will minister to the love of the beautiful; one will labor for the cause of justice; another will endeavor to extend charity and mercy; while many less wide aspirations will try only to benefit and bless those whose lives touch their own. Whatever it be, if the motive be present, the results will follow, and by such purposeful efforts also will our debts to the world be paid.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Experience with a Wild Horse.

ABOUT two years ago my uncle, Amos, a boy of about sixteen years old, went out to House Rock, about forty miles from here, to get some wild horses. It happened at this time that President Woolley of our Stake and his counselor, Daniel Seegmiller, were camped at that place. Early one morning my uncle saddled up his pony, which ^{was} not very gentle, and attempted to drive a band of mustangs that were feeding on the plain below, into the corral near by the cabin. He had been gone out of sight from the cabin about half an hour when the mail carrier came to the cabin with the startling news that my uncle was lying by the roadside apparently dead. The horse he was ^{riding} had thrown him off and dragged him quite a distance. When the ^{news} was brought to the house Brother Woolley immediately started to where he was, leaving Brother Seegmiller to come with the buck-board and some water. It was about three-quarters of a mile distant, but Brother Woolley hurried on and soon reached the place where my uncle lay. He seemed by all appearance dead, as Brother Woolley could distinguish no beat of the heart or pulse.

In a few minutes Brother Seegmiller arrived with the buck-board and some water. After bathing his face in some water they administered to him. While they were administering, he gasped. This was the first time he had shown any signs of life. They immediately took him to the cabin, where for thirty-six hours he lay in a stupor; but he

finally got well again, and we believe it was by the power of our Heavenly Father, through His servants, that he was restored to life, for it seemed as if every spark of life had fled.

But our Heavenly Father had a mission for him to fulfill on high, for He has since called him home. This is one of many instances where people have been healed by administration.

Alfa Johnson.

KANAB, KANE CO.

The Lost Child.

I SHOULD like to tell the little readers of this paper of my cousin Verna, only three years of age, getting lost and being out alone all night.

It happened on the 1st of September, 1893. She went for a ride with her aunt to a ranch about nine miles down the canyon. It was early in the morning, and was very pleasant. The lady of the ranch was there alone, with her baby.

About half-past two the ladies were outside making preparations to return home. The little one had then wandered off. As soon as they missed her they of course began to search for her, taking the baby with them. They tried to keep on her track, calling as they went along, but could not find her. A young man from our town came along with a load of freight. When they told him he took one of his horses and came to town as soon as possible. Boys and men turned out. There were twenty-seven, all there were in town, the little girl's father and mother going down. The mother could do nothing in the search, so stayed at the ranch, waiting and praying through the long dreary night for the Lord to take care of the lost darling. No pen can tell the feelings of that poor mother.

The men got on her tracks, but soon night came on, and then the only way they could trace her footsteps was on their hands and knees, with lanterns, and they traveled that way for miles.

Before daylight they lost her tracks on a little rocky hill. They were afraid to go on for fear of spoiling the tracks, so they waited. The wolves howled around them all night.

When the first peep of day came they found her track again. About seven o'clock an excited call was heard from one of the party. The others all ran, and there the little one lay asleep under a bush. There was not a dry eye among them all. She was frightened at first, each one kissing and crying over her.

Her little feet were swollen; she had walked about eight miles. She must have traveled nearly all night. She said the wolves had big, bright eyes, so they must have been close to her.

There were not many who went to sleep in town during the night she was lost. We children prayed for her, for we knew the Lord could take care of her. At eight o'clock the next morning a messenger came flying up to town to tell us the joyful news that our prayers had been answered and the little one was safe. When grandma heard how the wolves had howled around her all night she said, "The Lord closed the wolves' mouths, as well as the lions', when Daniel was cast into their den."

We all knelt and thanked God for the protecting care He had taken of her. How thankful we should be for the great blessing of prayer! When all else fails we are sure of the Lord's help if we live right.

Mabel Knell. Age 13.

PINTO, WASHINGTON CO.

How Their Prayers Were Answered.

MRS. LAMONT was a poor widow, who lived in the town of Maulty. She had two children—a son named Jesse and a daughter named Lily. The boy was eight years of age and the girl six.

Mrs. Lamont earned their living by sewing and knitting for people. But after a time her eyes became so weak that she could scarcely see to thread her needle. Yet she would not give up, as she did not know in what other way she could provide food and raiment for herself and children, being too weak in body to go out working.

Although Jesse had asked her many times if he might go and work for some good family, she would always refuse, saying he was too young. But her eyes became weaker all the time, until she became blind, as she thought, forever.

She was now obliged to let Jesse go out to work. But who was there that would want so young a boy? Would he get a good place, or would his employers overtax him with labor? These were the thoughts that were filling Mrs. Lamont's mind. She now called Jesse to her and told him that their only hopes were in him, and that she would now have to let him go out to work. He said he was willing to do this, and that he would go right away and see if he could find a place. So his mother gave him a good-by kiss and he was off. He went to many places, but no one seemed to want him. At last he stopped at a gentleman's house and asked if he would like a boy to work for him.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I was just wanting one. You may come in the morning about seven o'clock. I will give you good wages, and it will

not be very hard work. I just want you to do my chores."

Jesse thanked him and then returned home to his mother and sister.

"Well, mother, I have found a place," he said as he entered the house.

"That is good; I am glad you prospered so well," said his mother. "For whom are you going to work?"

"For a gentleman by the name of Beacher," said Jesse.

The next morning at the appointed time Jesse appeared at Mr. Beacher's and asked what he was to do.

"Well," said the gentleman, kindly, "you may first take the cows off to those hills, which will be but a short distance. Then you may return and do as Mrs. Beacher desires you, as I will have to go to my shop."

Jesse did as he was told. As he was driving the cows off he gazed upon the lovely scenery around him and thought how much Lily would enjoy being there with him. In this way he walked on for a few moments, almost forgetting where he was or that he was to return to Mr. Beacher's. When he reached the place Mrs. Beacher told him he might stay about where she could call him if she wished anything. Jesse was ever ready to run and get whatever was wanted. In this way his time was taken up until it was time to get the cows in the evening.

When he had finished his chores he returned to his mother and sister, and told them what had passed during the day. Next morning Jesse again appeared at Mr. Beacher's, and his time was taken up in the same way as it was the day previous. The time passed off very pleasantly to him. He enjoyed being with Mrs. Beacher and hearing the many stories which she would tell him. She told him how the Lord would hear

and answer our prayers if we would ask Him in faith.

One day Mr. Beacher told Jesse that he might have his sister go with him when he went to take the cows off, and they might spend the day in the forest if they wished to. He also told them they might take a rope and make a swing in the tall trees. This pleased the children very much. They gathered flowers and played about in the wood until evening. They then took the cows home, and after Jesse had done his chores they went home to their mother and told her what a good time they had. They also took her the flowers which they had gathered, and she said it made her feel good all over.

One day as Mrs. Beacher was talking to Jesse she asked him if his mother was not the woman that sewed for people. Jesse replied that she was.

"Does she ever sew now?" asked Mrs. Beacher.

"No, ma'am. She sewed too steadily and became blind."

Mrs. Beacher, not supposing but what they were Mormons, as were most of the inhabitants of that town, asked if she had had her eyes anointed with oil and been administered to. Jesse replied that she had not, and that they had no oil.

When Jesse was starting home that evening Mrs. Beacher gave him some oil to take to his mother, and told him that if she desired to be administered to she would have some of the Elders visit her and attend to it, thinking that perhaps she had not liked to call upon them, as she had not lived in that place very long, and was not very well known there. Now Mrs. Lamont had at one time been a member of our Church, but had married a man who did not believe as we do, therefore she

was led away, and in the course of time forgot her duties to her Heavenly Father, and so she could not trust in Him now. Jesse thanked Mrs. Beacher for the oil and hastened home.

"I have brought you some oil for your eyes, mother," he said as he entered the house, "and the Elders will visit you if you so desire.

"Take the oil back, and tell them I never want an Elder to enter my house," she said hastily.

Jesse was indeed surprised with such an answer.

"O do use it, mother," said Lily. "I am sure it will do you good."

"I will have nothing to do with it," she said. "Come, let us go to bed and sleep off such thoughts as that."

The children at once went to bed, but not to sleep.

"Why would not mother take the oil? Why would she have nothing to do with the Elders?" These were the thoughts that were filling their minds.

"Lily," said Jesse, "are you asleep?"

"No, Jesse, and I cannot go to sleep."

"Jesse, did not grandma say before she died that the Lord would hear and answer our prayers if we asked Him in faith?"

"Yes, Lily."

"Then why can we not ask Him to bless mother that she will take the oil and let the Elders come and administer to her?"

"We will, Lily. Let us kneel down by our beds to ask Him."

They then crept quietly out of bed and offered up a fervent prayer to our Father in Heaven. Asked Him to bless their mother and heal her eyes. They then went back to bed and were soon in dreamland. It chanced that their mother had been awake and had

heard their talk; she had also heard their prayer. What was she to do? She could see now where she had gone astray. She had forgotten the Lord when she was happy and had plenty; could she now call upon Him in her trouble? She thought for some time, and then she also knelt by her bed and offered a prayer to the Lord. She asked Him to forgive her of her sins and to heal her eyes. In the morning after the children arose from their beds she called them to her.

"My dear children," she said, "the Lord has heard and answered your prayers. Bring me the oil, I will anoint my eyes, then you may call in the Elders."

With happy hearts the children did as their mother bade them. Mrs. Lamont said her eyes felt better as soon as the Elders laid their hands upon her head. The administration was repeated several times. Her eyes rapidly improved until they became entirely well. Not long after the Elders first entered the house Mrs. Lamont walked to a large stream of water and was there baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, from which she never again parted.

R. H.

It is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hal- lows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too; as if it were comparatively a light thing to fall in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.

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